

2 'Tis all my businesse. At our last encounter,
The Duke of Buckingham came from his Triall.

1 'Tis very true. But that time offer'd sorrow,
This generall ioy.

2 'Tis well: The Citizens
I am sure haue shewne at full their Royall minds,
As let 'em haue their rights they are euer forward
In Celebration of this day with Shewes,
Pageants, and Sights of Honor.

1 Neuer greater,
Nor Ile assure you better taken Sir.

2 May I be bold to aske what that contains,
That Paper in your hand.

1 Yes, 'tis the List
Of those that claime their Offices this day,
By custome of the Coronation.

The Duke of Suffolke is the first, and claimes
To be high Steward; Next the Duke of Norfolke,
He to be Earle Marshall: you may reade the rest.

1 I thanke you Sir: Had I not known those customs,
I should haue bene beholding to your Paper:
But I beseech you, what's become of Katherine
The Princeesse Dowager? How goes her businesse?

1 That I can tell you too. The Archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned, and Reuerend Fathers of his Order,
Held a late Court at Dunstable; sixe miles off
From Amptchill, where the Princeesse lay, to which
She was often cyted by them, but appear'd not:
And to be short, for not Appearance, and
The Kings late Scruple, by the maine assent
Of all these Learned men, she was diuorc'd,
And the late Marriage made of none effect:
Since which, she was remou'd to Kymmington,
Where she remains now sicke.

2 Alas good Lady.
The Trumpets sound: Stand close,
The Queene is comming.

Ho-boys.

The Order of the Coronation.

- 1 A liuely Flourish of Trumpets.
 - 2 Then, two Iudges.
 - 3 Lord Chancellor, with Purse and Mace before him.
 - 4 Quiristers singing. Musicke.
 - 5 Maior of London, bearing the Mace. Then Garter, in
his Coate of Armes, and on his head he wore a Gilt Copper
Crowne.
 - 6 Marquesse Dorset, bearing a Scepter of Gold, on his head,
a Demy Coronall of Gold. With him, the Earle of Surrey,
bearing the Rod of Silver with the Dove, Crowned with an
Earles Coronet. Collars of Esses.
 - 7 Duke of Suffolke, in his Robe of Estate, his Coronet on his
head, bearing a long white Wand, as High Steward. With
him, the Duke of Norfolke, with the Rod of Marshallship,
a Coronet on his head. Collars of Esses.
 - 8 A Canopy, borne by foure of the Cinque-Ports, vnder it
the Queene in her Robe, in her haire, richly adorned with
Pearle, Crowned. On each side her, the Bishops of London,
and Winchester.
 - 9 The Olde Dutcheffe of Norfolke, in a Coronall of Gold,
wrought with Flowers, bearing the Queenes Traine.
 - 10 Certaine Ladies or Countesses, with plaine Circlets of
Gold, without Flowers.
- Exeunt, first passing ouer the Stage in Order and State, and
then, A great Flourish of Trumpets.

2 A Royall Trainee beleene me: These I knowe
Who's that that beares the Scepter?

1 Marquesse Dorset,
And that the Earle of Surrey, with the Rod.
2 A bold braue Gentleman, That should bee
The Duke of Suffolke.

1 'Tis the same: high Steward.
2 And that my Lord of Norfolke?

1 Yes.
2 Heauen bleesse thee,
Thou hast the sweetest face I euer look'd on.
Sir, as I haue a Soule, she is an Angell;
Our King ha's all the Indies in his Armes,
And more, and richer, when he straines that Lady,
I cannot blame his Conscience.

1 They that beare
The Cloath of Honour ouer her, are foure Barons
Of the Cinque Ports.

2 Those men are happy,
And so are all, are neerer her.

I take it, she that carries vp the Trainee,
Is that old Noble Lady, Dutcheffe of Norfolke.

1 It is, and all the rest are Countesses.
2 Their Coronets say so. These are Starres indeed,
And sometimes falling ones.

2 No more of that.

Enter a third Gentleman.

1 God saue you Sir. Where haue you bin broiling?
3 Among the crow'd i'th' Abbey, where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more: I am stifled
With the meere ranknesse of their ioy.

2 You saw the Ceremony?

3 That I did.

1 How was it?

3 Well worth the seeing.

2 Good Sir, speake it to vs?

3 As well as I am able. The rich streame
Of Lords, and Ladies, hauing brought the Queene
To a prepar'd place in the Quire, fell off
A distance from her; while her Grace fate downe
To rest a while, some halfe an houre, or so,
In a rich Chaire of State, opposing freely
The Beauty of her Person to the People.

Beleue me Sir, she is the goodliest Woman
That euer lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noyse arose,
As the shrowdes make at Sea, in a stiffe Tempest,
As lowd, and to as many Tunes. Hats, Cloakes,
(Doublets, I thinke) flew vp, and had their Faces
Bin loose, this day they had bene lost. Such ioy
I neuer saw before. Great belly'd women,
That had not halfe a weeke to go, like Rammes
In the old time of Warre, would shake the prease
And make 'em reele before 'em. No man liuing
Could say this is my wife there, all were women
So strangely in one peece.

2 But what follow'd?

3 At length, her Grace rose, and with modest paces
Came to the Altar, where she kneel'd, and Saint-like
Cast her faire eyes to Heauen, and pray'd devoutly.

Then rose againe, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the Arch-bishop of Canterbury,
She had all the Royall makings of a Queene;
As holy Oyle, Edward Confessors Crowne,
The Rod, and Bird of Peace, and all such Emblemes
Laid Nobly on her: which perform'd, the Quire

With

With all the choysiest Musicke of the Kingdome,
Together sung Te Deum. So she parted,
And with the same full State pac'd backe againe
To Yorke-Place, where the Feast is held.

1 Sir,
You must no more call it Yorke-place, that's past:
For since the Cardinall fell, that Titles lost,
'Tis now the Kings, and call'd White-Hall.

3 I know it:
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.

2 What two Reuerend Byshops
Were those that went on each side of the Queene?

3 Stokeley and Gardiner, the one of Winchester,
Newly prefer'd from the Kings Secretary:

The other London.

2 He of Winchester
Is held no great good louer of the Archbishops.

The vertuous Cranmer.

3 All the Land knowes that:

How euer, yet there is no great breach, when it comes
Cranmer will finde a Friend will not shrinke from him.

2 Who may that be, I pray you.

3 Thomas Cromwell,
A man in much esteeme with th' King, and truly
A worthy Friend. The King ha's made him
Master of th' Jewell House,

And one already of the Priuy Councell.

2 He will deserue more.

3 Yes without all doubt.

Come Gentlemen, ye shall go my way,
Which is to th' Court, and there ye shall be my Guests:
Something I can command. As I walke thither,
He tell ye more.

Both. You may command vs Sir.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Katherine Dowager, sicke, lead betwene Griffith,
her Gentleman Vsher, and Patience
her Woman.

Grif. How do's your Grace?

Kath. O Griffith, sicke to death:

My Legges like loaden Branches bow to th' Earth,
Willing to leaue their burthen: Reach a Chaire,

Sonow (me thinke) I feele a little ease.

Didst thou not tell me Griffith, as thou lead'st mee,
That the great Childe of Honor, Cardinall Wolsey

Was dead?

Grif. Yes Madam: but I thanke your Grace
Out of the paine you suffer'd, gaue no care too't.

Kath. Pre'thee good Griffith, tell me how he dy'de.
If well, he slept before me happily
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voyce goes Madam,
For after the stout Earle Northumberland

Arrested him at Yorke, and brought him forward
As a man sorely tainted, to his Answer,

He fell sicke suddenly, and grew so ill
He could not sicke his Mule.

Kath. Alas poore man.

Grif. At last, with easie Rodes, he came to Leicester,

Lodg'd in the Abbey; where the reuerend Abbot
With all his Couent, honourably receiu'd him;
To whom he gaue these words. O Father Abbot,
An old man, broken with the stormes of State,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye:
Giue him a little earth for Charity.

So went to bed; where eagerly his sicknesse
Pursu'd him still, and three nights after this,
About the houre of eight, which he himselfe
Foretold should be his last, full of Repentance,
Continuall Meditations, Teares, and Sorrowes,
He gaue his Honors to the world agen,
His blessed part to Heauen, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest,
His Faults lye gently on him:

Yet thus farre Griffith, giue me leaue to speake him,
And yet with Charity. He was a man

Of an vnbounded stomacke, euer ranking
Himselfe with Princes. One that by suggestion

Ty'de all the Kingdome. Symonie, was faire play,
His owne Opinion was his Law. I'th' presence

He would say vntruths, and be euer double
Both in his words, and meaning. He was neuer

(But where he meant to Ruine) pittifull.
His Promises, were as he then was, Mighty:

But his performance, as he is now, Nothing:
Of his owne body he was ill, and gaue

The Clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble Madam:

Mens euill manners, liue in Brasse, their Vertues
We write in Water. May it please your Highnesse

To heare me speake his good now?

Kath. Yes good Griffith,

I were malicious else.

Grif. This Cardinall,

Though from an humble Stocke, vndoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much Honor. From his Cradle

He was a Scholler, and a ripe, and good one:
Exceeding wise, faire spoken, and perswading:

Lofty, and sower to them that lou'd him not:
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as Summer:

And though he were vn-satisfied in getting,
(Which was a sinne) yet in bestowing, Madam,

He was most Princely: Euer witnesse for him
Those twinnes of Learning, that he rais'd in you,

Ipswich and Oxford: one of which, fell with him;
Vn-willing to out-lie the good that did it.

The other (though vn-forty'd) yet so Famous,
So excellent in Art, and still so rising,

That Christendome shall euer speake his Vertue.
His Querthrow, heap'd Happinesse vpon him:

For then, and not till then, he felt himselfe,
And found the Blessednesse of being little.

And to adde greater Honors to his Age
Then man could giue him; he dy'de, fearing God.

Kath. After my death, I wish no other Herald,
No other speaker of my liuing Actions,

To keepe mine Honor, from Corruption,
But such an honest Chronicler as Griffith.

Whom I most hated Liuing, thou hast made mee
With thy Religious Truth, and Modestie,

(Now in his Ashes) Honor: Peace be with him.
Patience, be neerer me still, and set me lower,

I haue not long to trouble thee. Good Griffith,
Cause the Musicians play me that sad note

I nam'd my Knell; whilst I sit meditating

On